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COMIC SKETCHES. NUMBER 1.

The Captain's Flight.

BY LEECY CRAYTHORNE.

Some years since, when travelling to join my regiment, the stage-coach broke down in a mountainous district, and the passengers were forced to content themselves with the accommodations of an old ricketty inn, while the wheels was being repaired. The night was stormy and the place could be called in nowise cheerful, on the uncarded roof overhead. There was but one single bed in the house, a short uncommonly rowed-to draw together around the fire and make a night of it. And a merry time we had. A roller set of fellows never drew breath, and the supper we managed to get ready between us was the best I ever tasted. We tossed off our bumpers hour on and hour out, as coolly as a set of old maids would their dram-drink before retiring; and at the same time, a running fire of puns, songs and comic stories that would have made a hermit laugh in the sans of death.

There was one of the company, a fine, portly, middle-looking man, whom I noticed for his unusual taciturnity, and the silence he paid to the punch. He was always ready, however, to laugh at other people's wit, and was foremost in pushing the bottle. I began to think he was little better than a mere sponge, and felt rather disgusted with him, when unexpectedly excellent yet had made us laugh until our sides ached again, he held up his glass before him and winking at it said,

"That reminds me of a story, which, if they good company is willing, I will narrate."

Every one expressed a willingness to listen, although I caught several yawning in anticipation of some prosy affair.

"I will first clear the cobwebs from my throat," he said, tossing off the tumbler of punch, and then looking around, he seemed the company to see that every one was listening, he leaned with his elbow on the table and began.

"When I was a student, just after the close of the late war, I used to pay occasional visits to Mount Holly, which was even then a popular country town, and remarkable for its pretty girls, its gay matrons, and the quantity of wine drank by its 1st. There wasn't a farmer on the place who couldn't earn his two bottles, and as for the three bottlemen were hardly fit for him Cape May to Hackensack. But it is not so much with the Mount Holly bar as with Captain Shadbury, one of the chiefs of the warriest member there, that my story has to do.

"I first met the gallant captain on a hunting excursion into the pines. He was a portly little gentleman, with a ruby-red face, a contract flow of humor, and an opinion of his own good looks rather singular; I must say, at first-drive. He had very short legs and a very round person, and altogether reminded you of a fat pigeon waddling upright. He had been in the army during the war, and at the reduction of the army, finding himself out of employ, he had married a woman in his pockets, had settled at Spanktown, a place in the very heart of the cedar swamps. And very comfortable it was for himself, but a shovel of a misery for every one there in the memory of man. It was utter unattempted to encode a captain in that heavenly retreat for rogues, but the Spanktowners had sympathies of their own, and though the light house were ordered out, the arrest had to be given up. Now the captain was a popular man in Spanktown, and therefore when he came to the tavern, see. He thirsted two and three, it is true, for the good things of creation like all the rest of us, but he made a dash into Mount Holly, like a guerilla, taking care to come in unawares before his confidence had wind of his approach. But though he grew fond of this life, and determined to extricate himself from it by marrying an heiress: for the captain was 'cute in his way, you must know, and left Mount Holly with a full bottom of his own pocket.

"There was a merry little town at the country town, a rat native black-eyed rogue as ever looked into wine, as the captain's opinion, the very patters for a wife. She had a mouth that would tempt an anchorite—and a waist, egad! that made a man think of the Houris of Mahomet. And there—better than all—she was an heiress to a very pretty fortune; a thing the captain knew he must think unnecessary for the wedded life, but which wonder men—let me tell you—know to be the very first requisite for a wife. Indeed, I believe I might say the very heart of the matter of a comparable agent, for the captain, though he had a very good opinion of himself, was not the man to be blind to the fact of his having a wife with the above welcomed him, that he would carry off the prize. He began his preparations like a Napoleon. He bought a new gig, and a new horse, and purchased a shining blue coat with metal buttons, and ordered a wig from the most fashionable perruquier in Philadelphia, to which city he went for the purpose, in a fine sun ball. This accounted, he had regular siege to his charmer, dancing her and sleighing her wherever he could venture to go, and finally succeeded in the affections, as shown by a hussif. The heiress smiled on the captain, her mamma courted the lucky rival, and Shadbury spent his time betwixt studying his plans and his wife—for 'none but the brave deserve the fair.'

"It was just about the middle of May when the point of success that a grand ball was given at Mount Holly, and the captain, determining to carry his charmer by assault, forgot her verbal promise to accompany her, and set on his gig. Never did the little fellow look so gallant. I was at the ball, and egad! could scarcely keep my eyes off him. His wig was curled irresistibly, his new coat shone with resplendent lustre, his waistcoat was as fine as a usual shirt-bosom, and he sported his new ball gloves with more vanity than a rider does his robes at a race. But, alas! his glory was destined soon to wane. One of his friends, whose name the captain had quizzed, pocketed an envenge, had informed the sheriff of Shadbury's whereabouts, and just as he was leading his charmer triumphantly to the dance she was startled by a portion pointed on him, and after a desperate struggle, he was secured, on the charge of an assault and battery. But this was not the worst. Before the court opened the next day, a dozen writs in civil suits had been lodged against him by ready. The captain was beside himself. He trembled at the expense of his affairs—he trembled for his heiress.

"We could laugh this lastacy out of court," he said; "but what the devil can I do with these creditors! I'm a rain'd man. And to cross just now, the infernal rascals! Oh, Anna Matilda!" he exclaimed with a loo-k look of his cross feet eyes, 'ol' all up with you and your fortune now. What would the Tribune of the Seine say if they heard of it!

"Cheer up," said his attorney laughingly; 'your case will come up among the first, and we may yet find a way to get you off. It's all the result of fate. There young hero can't endure that Marc and Apollo should have had another contest, when the latter carried away recklessly to me at Shadbury, overhauled by the sheriff, preceded us into the hall of justice.

"It was with a cueful countenance that he took his seat in the court. The room was densely filled with the usual motley assemblage at a county sessions. Loafers in the passages, and shopmen in the lobby—at—gentlemen and tressed farmers, with white wallis and colossies sopping here out the foliage of dark orange groves, and all those beautiful objects which Frank Mansfield, half, which lend to south of poetry and of romance to the all towns at Spain. It had the flashing walls, the lofty roof, and the gallery filled with their suppressed curiosity to the force and wits Indian, whom the recollections of the late war, continued, of whatever nation had at length guided into romantic and comfortable hostility, its seemed business, with waiter-gate and court-house, and the jury-box, and the bar, and pannelled with officers who bore the stale of legal dignity.

Between the aspect of the place at the conclusion of the first century which had elapsed since its foundation; nurtured into undue maturity by the stern hunger and thirst for conquest of that land which had filled the southern continent with cruel cities, over whose rampart domes the proud motto of Plus Ultra, nothing every spot where every man had set a foot in conquest and bloodshed and drained from El Dorado—as they justly termed it—the golden land of their treasures, which caused it for a little while above all nations of the earth, only to plunge it in the end into effeminacy and ruin and effete barbarism.

The heavy dews, as they were exhaled by the rising fire god, wound with the incense of unnumbered perfumes wafted from the thousand coquettish wreaths of flowers which hung from the balconies, and which, in the bright heaven, while the thrilling and prolonged notes of the vesalian rose long-under—nightingales of the land, with sweet voices, which Spain were flung on the sound with their rich liquid melody. On earth—even—and on the heavens—and the earth, the town lives, a paradise—but on the bastions of the town there was the din of arms, the dissonant harsh clang of mingled voices, and the hurried tramp of feet, as the guard of the city drum beating to arms in haste, blent with the piercing notes of trumpets and the continuous peal of bells, ringing backward, as it seemed, in token of dismay and danger.

Beneath the yellow flag with its cruciated blazonry, which floated from the flag-staff on the tower, and on the most part in the hall-armor of the dark, which of waving plumage, tuft here, and fair embroidery, stood the governor, surrounded by his military officers and that Pedro, of the same noble name, who, by an exertion of his own energy, which had done much to save the land from the most fiendish cruelty, would have been declared betrayal, was for the second Philip that fair peninsula, from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Calpe, the eyes of all that little group were intently fixed on the sea, from which it would appear the apprehended danger of apprehended danger it were, that gave rise to those ominous of surprise and preparation—was must to be expected, and in the voyage of all, an exalted expression of fear and anxiety, which betokened the most doubtful characters. But as the face of no one there, not even the rash spirit of provocation and bravery, as in that of the governor himself, was there such a look of terror and confusion as that which was then depicted on the countenance of Don Pedro. Clay, nothing every spot where every man had set a foot in conquest and bloodshed and drained from El Dorado—as they justly termed it—the golden land of their treasures, which caused it for a little while above all nations of the earth, only to plunge it in the end into effeminacy and ruin and effete barbarism.

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which I have lived, and which once gained, I will die happy—by all these solemn things, I swear to thee, if thou refuse my proffer, I will to it take one jot of this which I have threatened! nay more! this done—for fancy not the paltry walls or bounded nuisance could, for ten minutes' space oppress, much less tame lock, nor court—this done, I say—we will be masters of your city, spite earth, or hell, or heaven!—and, masters of it, not one woman, from the grandame of fourscore, to the fresh virgin of fourteen, shall escape its worst pollution! not one man, save our own, may say! not the babe to unborn, shall feel the rascal's edge—not one babbling from God's temple, down to the wretched negro's brutest, but shall share the all-but-a-great-feast! Before to-morrow's dawn, if ye submit not to my terms, there shall not be one living thing—there shall not be one stone upon another, to tell the story of your fate! Choose them—choose wisely—but see, that ye choose, likewise, very shortly! One hour! I have spoken!"

"Then speakest mere impossibilities"—replied the miserable father—" and that full well thou knowest! For me—never! so minded—should a regard all these to yield their homes to conflagration—their children to the sword—their women to dishonor! Ask say thing, but this, and on the instant it shall be performed!"

"Then hast hearted"—was the stern reply"—and have said!"

"If then wouldst have wealth, say the word,—swollen treasuries would suffice to glut the wildest avarice."

"I have said!"—answered the purse fiercely, doubting his last with furious energy into the yielding sand—"I have said—nor would the gold of El Dorado buy thee one moment's mercy!"

"If vengeance—I—I, Juan Melendez—I whom you hate so deeply—I who by ye unavenged—I who could yield me to the utmost of your malice—yea! I will bleed your torments, so those may return harmless!"

"And I"—answered Don Ferrein, springing with outstretched arms upon the battlements—" high privilege it were to die for thee, Treva!"

"And I—and I!"—responded twenty voices, in a breath, of the bold cavaliers, who stood upon the battlement: and who, till now dispirited and cowed by the sight of anguish which they might neither help nor hinder, kindled to sudden animation at the high hope of rescuing, by their own self-devoting, those the interest and opulent victim. Stood forth all the best of the bestor of their Castilian chivalry at the proud words of Alcalde.

A low and sneering laugh was the sole answer for the vengeful buccaneer, as he perceived by the increasing agitation of the Spaniards the full extent of his advantage, waited but the fruner and the cooler for all their menaces and prayers.

"Master!"—he! devil!"—shouted the fiery Amadis, goaded by the calm and contemptuous air of Ringwood, into a state of utter phrensy—" devil! thou shalt not live to boast of it!"—and, springing, as he spoke, a long-barrelled harquebuss from a sentinel beside him, he took a rapid aim, and before any of his comrades could interpose to hinder him—for all perceived the motive of the effect—a full against the head of the proud Briton.

He was a practised and a steady marksmen, was that hot-blooded gallant: nor had his soul's salvation been staked upon the shot, could he have been more sure of curate or guarded. Before the sharp report had reached the ears of any of the tremulous spectators who paced, on though dim all were justified by the deed, must be fore the fact had gleamed upon their eyes—the long white plue, which geared the cap of Ringwood, was cut clear off within an inch or less of his unbreathing head; and was borne away, glancing and fluttering like a sea-bird's wing over the sparkling blue, by the light western breeze. With a wild yell of savage execration, the pirate less rushed forward. But scarcely had they made a step with brandished cut and cutlass, when eyes turned towards the Spanish works, before the loud clear voice of their commander was heard, as composed and calm as though he had been speaking to a comrade across the festive board!—

"Halt! ho!—Is that your discipline?"—and his right hand raised quietly and without a sign of menace—scarce even of authority—suffered upon the instant to arrest those hasty desperadoes, that they stood motionless and silent as a rank of statues.

"And this"—he said, turning his eyes, with a scornful smile upon his forward line—"and this is what your Spanish honor—this your respect for the white flag, which even savages and heathen venerate! Excellent! well, young man! excellent! and, what's more to the done! 'Tis like that these would be more merciful, seeing their captain slaughtered here, before their face, under a flag of truce! Had I been other than I am, the gallant deed might have anticipated, somewhat, the time when these shall suffer. As it is entirely for not your favor—neither super nor reverence—hath Ringwood ever sneered—be it far good or evil—from his word!"—nor can so slight a thing as this move her now. Sit down, therefore, and the summer wind can lift the earthfast oak from its abiding place. I said so here—the half of it has been—half yet remain to re, be sport, or grave, as it seems best to ye!"—that paused, the bee here dues in torment. The girl—lives for our pleasure, anyone worst!"

Even before the fierce rush of the pirates had been made, the officers around had seized the youthful lover and destroyed him, reproaching him exasperated by the fatal and desperate deed to which his unwatched passions had excited him. "Amadis—Amadis!—cried the gray-headed veteran Diego—" thank God upon your knees with your whole heart, and strength and spirit, thank God—that your sake—Fort Isabel! Had this shot struck down last, at whom it was so deadly aimed—the, whom these, head has been lost, just hope—past redemption!"

"Young man,"—exclaimed the fiery governor, rendered more furious than ever he was must, by the increase of peril to his children, to that most inconsiderate of all—" young man. Holiday though there be, and belted knight of Calatrava, I swear to thee, had that shot taken place, I would have stripped and bound thee like a dog, and hanted thee headlong from the bastions. As it is—if aught ill befall my children, by Saint Iago—from thee be ready to make full atonement!—fire!"

Ere he had finished speaking, with a shriek so tremendous, that the hearers in town, or even in effect on those who—shaken as they were by the dread scenes enacting in their sight, were harrowed to the very souls by that appalling cry—were utterly impossible—a female of exceedingly fire or even fifty years, but still remarkable for manner's amateur beauty, with her long hair dishevelled and her large dark eyes glaring terribly, rushing up the narrow steps, and stood unveiled, with all her garments in wild disorder, upon the battlements!—" My children!—my children!"—she cried—" Oh! God! God! God! my children!"

None spoke—none had words, or breath, or heart, to speak to her!—and she went on, escaping the wildest the most eloquent appeals to Heaven for mercy and for succor, with cries and shrieks for her children, which terrible on the heads, and the chilled blood to curdle in the veins of all who heard her—most of the inspiring conquering desperadoes, who, though they shuddered at they knew not what, swerved not in their full purpose, nor ever ceased of mercy. And now she would blaspheme, and rave with execrations, such as load recently been outdone by the profanity of the most desperate of men; calling down curses on the heads alike of those who held her children prepared for instant execution—of those who could not, howsoever they might pant to do so, strike one blow for the rescue, without risking the life, more certainly than even now it was decreed, their doom—and on her own head, dead or cold, if that she had borne, and nursed them at her breast, and loved them up as pure, and beautiful, and brave—and all for such an end!

Once Juan drew his sword—once almost gave the word, to cast the sallow-port wide open—to rush down with pike, and harquebuss, and rapier, under the cover of the relieving cannon—to cry " St. Iago and God sal!"—to set all on the cast of one desperate charge! But hope and sense returned—hesitated! It must be, he said, —his hopes suggesting arguments which his inner sober mood would have at once discovered nothing worth—that old Don Melendez knew the unbending spirit, the inanitive lawmaker-giving pride, the dauntless valor of the man who stood before him—to be one to succumb, a swaggard, and helpless, and despised and hopeless exile—but to the plenitude of power, and pride, and vengeance!—It cannot be that a mere boaster—presumptuous selfish pirate would—would be permitted to—murder her or his comrades' common interest for any private vengeance!—how grateful or how common-sense!—And—these frantic hopes—mingled with fears, if possible more frantic, the fatal moment passed!

"Juan!"—once more exclaimed the deep sonorous accents of the Englishman!—" Juan Melendez de Aldea—the hour I gave that father—that mother—that children—of thine!—how less or die?" If there would have been love, down desire-hedge, up portcullis, and march out, flag and the sentinel, and thy family!—for the days will no hold the city, doing to it, and all within it, so to no shall worn living—after three days will no cannon on your edge and boulder ye no more, save at St. Augustine!—and for assurance that we will preserve our faith with ye, myself will be a hostage in your hands —seven in years, the deadliest of my foemen!" Choose now! Choose!" choose, Juan Melendez, and if then dotmost those!—those three sons flesh and blood—of whom even I, who have such reason to hate them, scarce can look without pity—if thee do this, say not that it is I, but thou who art their slayer!"

The tone of Ringwood, as he spoke, grew very pale and his lips absolutely ashy in their tints. Yet his eye was as bright, and even calm, as ever: and not a muscle worked, or a nerve quivered, in those stern features, of the stately frame.

" Mercy !" exclaimed Melendez, stretching forth his clasped hands toward the pirate, "mercy! As thou mayest, one day, ask for it thy self—show mercy!"

" As I received it, one day, at their hands, when I did crave it, as well I show it, Juan," replied the buccaneer. " Speak! now! speak out! say! With them held up the children!"

" I will not! answered Melendez very firmly, "God help me—I will die any day!"

" Then have hearted!—and I will I torture here to death before thy very eyes—thy daughter—if thou move not to sully—for the time is safe—if but the bridge be lowered, or one shot be fired, I yield her on the instant to the mercy of my crew. Lead out the boy!"

And then pale stripling was led out before his father's face—pale, indeed, even to ghastliness, partly from loss of blood, and partly from the conscious horror of his situation. Yet he bore up with determination courage, and though a mere boy, proved himself in that extremity, a worthy scion of his proud race.

" Treva," he said, as he left his sister's side. " God bless thee, and farewell—and may He grant that I may bear this agony for both! Father, let me see that you can be heroic as well as I can be! I shall bear to—comes me not by any weakness—I would die no becomes thy son, and a Castilian. Now, sir, I am ready!"

It was a most strange sight. The lad of Ringwood quivered, as he looked on the brave boy, and all the muscles of his face, which had hitherto been as tense and cold as steel, relaxed a little, and a tear came to his grey eye: he was, it seemed, on the point of yielding! But with a powerful effort he forced down the growing weakness. " I, too," he said, " painful, although it be, and bitter—I too have my duty!"

He cast a look on the Spanish, and they made the bay kneel down upon the sands, and bound a knotted whipcord closely about his temples, and thrust between his teeth a piece of wood, which he was to bite when pained. One strong man seized each arm, and held him steady by the full exertion of their united strength! Juan Melendez looked on with a countenance of ghastly more toward the hapless boy, but riveted his eagle eye, with a fixed intense expression of horrible exulting pleasure, full on the father's face.

" It is done, Captain," whispered the third of these foul sacrifices.

" Proceed!" replied the Rover, utter removing once his eyes from the distorted features of the governor's countenance.

And at the word, the wretch who had last spoken, setting the pistol by the barrel, twisted it round and round, lightening at every stem the knotted cord, till it pierced through the skin, and flesh, and sinews, and pressed with agonizing keenness into the solid bone itself! Which was not to be endured! The boy, still gazing on the intense anguish—anguish, the horrible extremity of which was not to be felt well displayed by the deep crimson flush, which had supplanted the ghast whitenges of his brow—in the form that flew from his charming teeth, in the dark sweat that gushed in every pore. Still he so mastered that appalling torture, that he spoke not a word, nor groaned, nor even murmured! Had the fierce Rover looked on the face of his foe, he had forgotten all his revenge, all his deep hatred, in overwhelming admiration. He would have cried—had the cry sealed his own eternal damnation—" Juan! I hold! for shame! I feel for mercy! But he did not look on it—for his hard eyes were drinking it, with fearful satisfaction, the torture visible in the features of his victim! Once he turned! At length the tough cord pierced its way into the scull itself! the nightmare was over! The boy fainted, sunk out upon the gory cheeks, one loud long yell, burst from the lips, and at the self same instant, Don Juan Melendez's father fell to the earth, a corpse! Such was such a paroxysm of despair and agony, as happily depraved him of all consciousness for hours. The yet unscratched soldiers had been despatched to effect the same fate with the traitors!

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1842.

☞ Mr. SAML. RENFREW will please inform us where Post-office Boxes may be rented in Philadelphia.

☞ We are obliged to our friend for the paper. We have two duties, which we wish to place to his credit, but cannot do so until he complies with the above request. He has given another Post-office address to the Post Master, although he finished the letter in full, was equally remiss in not naming the Post-office.

This Week's Paper.

We open in this week's paper, the first chapters of a new novel entitled the Spy of the Sea. It is one of the most spirited things we have read for many a day, and will doubtless create a sensation, wherever the Post is read. The remaining chapters will appear in connection numbers of the paper. The first of a series of illustrated comic sketches, to drive away the spleen and vapors during the hard times, also appears in the present number. The Post has also donned a new and shining dress, and opens the spring with a " new suit of clothes"—fit numbers of editorial modesty, and in defiance of all grumblers about hard times, as well as of hash compositors and blue devils. We are indebted to our friends to fancy our readers in a good humor with themselves, and if we fail in that, we shall succeed in the next best thing—that with a good humor with us. We have also the pleasure to announce, but were travelling cheerfully and gaily at first sowly progress, wagons with provisions, without regard to expense, and all we ask in return from our subscribers, is to send us the best money that they can procure—not to be the cause of a fuss with the Post Office and West, is at a ruinous discount here, and while all rent pass well enough at home, the notes of the best Bank are at 5 to 10 per cent discount. Hence, we are not particularly uneasible, and we are obliged to return it. Our parting words are,

SEND US GOOD MONEY.

International Copyright.

This subject is now attracting much attention. The arrival of Boz in this country, with the avowed purpose of visiting it for literary purposes, and writing for a few of international copyright, has awakened the public mind to the matter, and is calling forth commendable activity from the press and still more from authors. Still he so mastered that appalling torture, that he spoke not a word, nor groaned, nor even murmured! Had the fierce Rover looked on the face of his foe, he had forgotten all his revenge, all his deep hatred, in overwhelming admiration. He would have cried—had the cry sealed his own eternal damnation—" Juan! I hold! for shame! I feel for mercy! But he did not look on it—for his hard eyes were drinking it, with fearful satisfaction, the torture visible in the features of his victim! Once he turned! At length the tough cord pierced its way into the scull itself! the nightmare was over! The boy fainted, sunk out upon the gory cheeks, one loud long yell, burst from the lips, and at the self same instant, Don Juan Melendez's father fell to the earth, a corpse! Such was such a paroxysm of despair and agony, as happily depraved him of all consciousness for hours. The yet unscratched soldiers had been despatched to effect the same fate with the traitors!

" Halt! ho!—Is that your discipline?"—and his right hand raised quietly and without a sign of menace—scarce even of authority—suffered upon the instant to arrest those hasty desperadoes, that they stood motionless and silent as a rank of statues.

" And this"—he said, turning his eyes, with a scornful smile upon his forward line—" and this is what your Spanish honor—this your respect for the white flag, which even savages and heathen venerate! Excellent! well, young man! excellent! and, what's more to the done! 'Tis like that these would be more merciful, seeing their captain slaughtered here, before their face, under a flag of truce! Had I been other than I am, the gallant deed might have anticipated, somewhat, the time when these shall suffer. As it is entirely for not your favor—neither super nor reverence—hath Ringwood ever sneered—be it far good or evil—from his word!"—nor can so slight a thing as this move her now. Sit down, therefore, and the summer wind can lift the earthfast oak from its abiding place. I said so here—the half of it has been—half yet remain to re, be sport, or grave, as it seems best to ye!"—that paused, the bee here dues in torment. The girl—lives for our pleasure, anyone worst!"

Even before the fierce rush of the pirates had been made, the officers around had seized the youthful lover and destroyed him, reproaching him exasperated by the fatal and desperate deed to which his unwatched passions had excited him. " Amadis—Amadis!—cried the gray-headed veteran Diego—" thank God upon your knees with your whole heart, and strength and spirit, thank God—that your sake—Fort Isabel! Had this shot struck down last, at whom it was so deadly aimed—the, whom these, head has been lost, just hope—past redemption!"

" Young man,"—exclaimed the fiery governor, rendered more furious than ever he was must, by the increase of peril to his children, to that most inconsiderate of all—" young man. Holiday though there be, and belted knight of Calatrava, I swear to thee, had that shot taken place, I would have stripped and bound thee like a dog, and hanted thee headlong from the bastions. As it is—if aught ill befall my children, by Saint Iago—from thee be ready to make full atonement!—fire!"

Ere he had finished speaking, with a shriek so tremendous, that the hearers in town, or even in effect on those who—shaken as they were by the dread scenes enacting in their sight, were harrowed to the very souls by that appalling cry—were utterly impossible—a female of exceedingly fire or even fifty years, but still remarkable for manner's amateur beauty, with her long hair dishevelled and her large dark eyes glaring terribly, rushing up the narrow steps, and stood unveiled, with all her garments in wild disorder, upon the battlements!—" My children!—my children!"—she cried—" Oh! God! God! God! my children!"

None spoke—none had words, or breath, or heart, to speak to her!—and she went on, escaping the wildest the most eloquent appeals to Heaven for mercy and for succor, with cries and shrieks for her children, which terrible on the heads, and the chilled blood to curdle in the veins of all who heard her—most of the inspiring conquering desperadoes, who, though they shuddered at they knew not what, swerved not in their full purpose, nor ever ceased of mercy. And now she would blaspheme, and rave with execrations, such as load recently been outdone by the profanity of the most desperate of men; calling down curses on the heads alike of those who held her children prepared for instant execution—of those who could not, howsoever they might pant to do so, strike one blow for the rescue, without risking the life, more certainly than even now it was decreed, their doom—and on her own head, dead or cold, if that she had borne, and nursed them at her breast, and loved them up as pure, and beautiful, and brave—and all for such an end!

Once Juan drew his sword—once almost gave the word, to cast the sallow-port wide open—to rush down with pike, and harquebuss, and rapier, under the cover of the relieving cannon—to cry " St. Iago and God sal!"—to set all on the cast of one desperate charge! But hope and sense returned—hesitated! It must be, he said, —his hopes suggesting arguments which his inner sober mood would have at once discovered nothing worth—that old Don Melendez knew the unbending spirit, the inanitive lawmaker-giving pride, the dauntless valor of the man who stood before him—to be one to succumb, a swaggard, and helpless, and despised and hopeless exile—but to the plenitude of power, and pride, and vengeance!—It cannot be that a mere boaster—presumptuous selfish pirate would—would be permitted to—murder her or his comrades' common interest for any private vengeance!—how grateful or how common-sense!—And—these frantic hopes—mingled with fears, if possible more frantic, the fatal moment passed!

" Juan!"—once more exclaimed the deep sonorous accents of the Englishman!—" Juan Melendez de Aldea—the hour I gave that father—that mother—that children—of thine!—how less or die?" If there would have been love, down desire-hedge, up portcullis, and march out, flag and the sentinel, and thy family!—for the days will no hold the city, doing to it, and all within it, so to no shall worn living—after three days will no cannon on your edge and boulder ye no more, save at St. Augustine!—and for assurance that we will preserve our faith with ye, myself will be a hostage in your hands —seven in years, the deadliest of my foemen!" Choose now! Choose!" choose, Juan Melendez, and if then dotmost those!—those three sons flesh and blood—of whom even I, who have such reason to hate them, scarce can look without pity—if thee do this, say not that it is I, but thou who art their slayer!"

The tone of Ringwood, as he spoke, grew very pale

Novel from Canton.

By the Acadia, we have intelligence, through the steamer mail from India, to Nov. 13th, 1841—and by the arrival of the Vesta, at New York, we have news down to the same date. The substance of the intelligence brought by these two conveyances is as follows.

The immediate decision of the Chinese authorities had ushered a series of important triumphs. Chusan was taken on the 1st of October, after a mere vigorous resistance than the British had yet encountered from the Chinese. A vast deal of material was found there. On the 10th and 13th the cities Chinhae and Ningpo were also captured. The British now appear to have been comparatively small, though, from the resistance offered, both at Chusan and Chinhae, the loss of the Chinese was very considerable.

Brigadier-General Iale, had succeeded in reaching Ichang-fu, on the river Yang-tse-kiang, and in effecting the attack made upon his brigade by the rebel Afghans reached Cabul, on the 1st of November, a general insurrection broke out, and it was painful duty to state that Sir Alexander Burns and nine or ten officers who happened to be with him were killed.

Up to the date of the last advices from Cabul, November 19, the English troops had succeeded in checking the insurrection, but General Elphinstone and the Wilson M'Naghten were obliged to remain as the ostensible enjoy is the city, not deeming themselves sufficiently strong to attempt to force a retreat. The regiments of European and native infantry were en route through the Punjaub to effect a junction with Brigadier-General Nott in order to secure up Candahar.

The British forces in the north, according to the Vanier, are divided between Ameer Dhanan, Nungo and Chuznee—they have not yet left Cabul. The Ameer is at Bameean.

The British forces in the north, according to the Vanier, are divided between Ameer, Chus

Publications.

...ERED BY MAGNET.—CLEVER TWO ...Hillions *Kentucky*—Cigars ...splendid work—splendid in its typ... paper, splendid in the subject ...Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve the ...American for the high standard to ...ing American typography.

...the subject of this fine sermon, ...private merchant of Tarsus, ...ness of Europe. By his extraord... and not only the supreme control ...ersede the arbiter of Italy. Hence ...ject at a short interval from pub... papal dignity. His family became ...e, and were intermarried with the ...ses of Europe. Of the part which ...d by the subject of this memoir in ...was, for greatness, the most reli... of history. All this was done by a ... early age of forty-four.

...ady as a statement of the case. ...His immense wealth was happily ...literature and the arts, and to his ...nationed their generous support. ...He encouraged artists, poets and mu... ...cal academies and endowed schools of ...the two Calixtuses stand, it is evident to every one, conse... ...ation, and when even the palaces of ...ttle save the comforts of life, he filled ...ith the choicest works of art. He ...the most exquisite statuary, ...a celebrated man, was versatile to ...To whatever calling he turned his ...rt, literature, science, or diplomacy ...ppeared in it as a master. Of this ...this characteristic of his genius which ...ness his mind so forcibly on the sub...

...such a man is a fine field for a nasc... ...hark, Mr. Roscoe undertook has been ...This memoir should, we think, have ...at he has not confined himself wholly ...ter to his subject. He sheds a ...and rise of this celebrated family, and ...se of contemporary events in Italy, as ...ence of the subject of his memoir, in short, ...and its sister cities during one of the ...urbs of modern Italy. English reade... ...ace this one of the best biographies of ...

...our testimony to the very elegant ...Messrs. Carey & Hart. They are ...portation, and when even the palaces of ...

...ENGLAND, for March.—The entire ...number are a fine engraving en... ...n a plate of colored fashions, contai... ...The contents are good, but perhaps ...ber of last month. The first of ...passages in Alice. W. W. Story be... ...ry to please the muse. Some of the li... ...ly critical acumen. On the whole this ...and we heartily wish the work success... ...ll, agents.

...ON THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.—*Richard Hurdis*"—I *mil. Lee and* ...is noted in Southern history as one of the most ...ere recorded in the criminal jurispru... ...y. In the hands of such a writer as ...Richard Hurdis," the scene would ...thrillingly interesting, and we find ...exchange is the most deeply interesting ...

The City.

...of Court on Saturday last, decided that ...office who has been in the receipt of the ...r U. States, prior to the act of 4th ...entitled to receive 12 per cent. interest ...ere entitled to the interest on their ...judgments. The question was fully ...trade on the part of the Bank, and ...Campbell on the other hand.

...onuments of the District of Spring Gar... ...ment N. J. Hatfield, M. D., a nursing ...of Health. Hatfield, M. D., elected R. L. Lloyd and R. E. Cooper ...onuments of Kensington elected Isaac ...Lewis Starr, assistant nursing ...

...The Commissioners of Moyamensing ...

...ast week several suspicious, fire... ...n appeared in town and took lodging ...Information was communicated ...from New York. On Sunday last ...on suspicion of felony and commit... ...ey are supposed to belong to some ...to distinguished strangers.

...al Report of the Pennsylvania Institu... ...ed Deaf and Dumb, for the year ...ber of pupils in attendance at the ...at the beginning of the year, ...ed 45 girls, 12 are supported by Penn... ...ed by their friends. The number ...to the funds of the Institution. The ex... ...ounts.

...ental pump of Mr. Kimball which ha... ...n Chestnut street in front of the State ...ternal attention, on account of its ex... ...pression of a large body of water. ...ed to the Commissioners

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Epitaph on a Candle.

A wicked one has turned here,
Who died in a smelter.
He never saw a rush, I fear,
Though he was born to usher.

He once was fast, but now, indeed,
He's not to say genteel;
He died—he deserves all speed,
Of a most scarching fever.

One thing of him was ever said with truth,
With which I'm much amused:
It he—that when he was dead, forsooth,
A stick he always used.

Now wherefore—sweets be sometimes made
But this was not enough,
For fasting if a poetish trade,
He died—such a puny!

If e'er you said "Go out, I pray,"
He much ill-nature show'd;
But when he was gone—he would say,
"Ye, it'll do, I'm glow'm."

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When comes our Ma'am said that he
Was—only fond of smoking.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptised,
They sent'n him name or twice.

Wellington.—"I don't like such rose-men-dict-ecrowns," as the boatman said ven a man wanted him to take him steamer, and treat for the fare.

"I go for a dissolution of the union," as the man said ven he applied for a divorce.

"There's hisses in Arch," as the lady said to the gentleman who made free with her at the theatre.

"I'm about to take my last drop," as the culprit said on the gallows.

"False one I love thee still," as the man said to his fickle sweetheart.

"I'm a well conducted man, as the drunken husband said when he staid home in the morning.

Curing Smoky Chimneys.—There lived in a certain town, years ago, a waggish old man by the name of Skidmore. Being plagued with a smoky house, he, by some alteration made in the chimney, but with no good result. One of his neighbors, knowing this, said to him:

"Well, Skidmore, how does your chimney work now?

"Not a bit."

"What, not smoke?—you have it then so bad as ever."

"I say it don't smoke a bit—the smoke all goes out at the window."

An Irish Letter.—An Irishman wrote to his son in London, the following letter:

"Dear Jim.—If you are well when this letter reaches you, we are well. By the bearer, I send you one of the brown coat; get a vote one made out of it. You may alter made you unbeknowing to me, few pounds I hope you will not spend them foolishly; if you do, I can just tell you that you are a silly goose, and I remain your affectionate father.

P. S. Your sister Sally wanted me to tell you to send her a shell comb, but as I forgot it this time, and the letter was already sealed, I will mention it on my next.

Temptations thicken as we wield,
And even love fatal, too;
And every step in view we take,
Is fraught with danger.
Open just the bounds of virtuous life,
Our feet will easily glide,
Till we are borne with rapid force
Down, down destruction's tide.

Persecuted.—"Well, Pat! can you tell us why Febru'ary has less days in it than the other months?"

"And be sure! it is a fair answer that ye want?"

"Certainly, we wish to know."

"Och! my darlints, and it is because the tomath ends the winter, and has, like your father's pate! a pair to put his off by the exact weather."

Classification.—A certain lady had a custom of carving a favorite little dog, to make him lively for her: "Come along, sir." A would-be-witty gentleman approached her one day, and accosted her thus—"I beg your pardon, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she with great composure, "I was speaking to my spaniel."

A Good Precedent.—"Pat, how does your father manage to keep you from getting drunk and abusing you when he does?"

"O, that's easy enough: he eats a hole through and bind leg and strike the other through it, and then put one of the feet legs through that, for a hook."

Curious.—The Times largely exalts at a recent discovery just made by that sagacious print, viz: Why a dog's tail eats to the left?—Don't, says we, that it don't—can't do without a curl in their tails, and if the curls were to the right, there would lose Hess—because there would be no curls left."

Head into Shape.—Why it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a tramper, "for it cures a fellow out."

"That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian, "it cleans him out of house, home, money and friends." The tramper left.

The bright round silvery moon came up
With many a diamond star
As Dolly round the sand, and red-cred,
"My eye, it's day too, ah!"

A Mathematical Toast.—"The fair daughters of Columbia"—May they add Virtue to Beauty, subtract Envy from Friendship, multiply Amiable Sentiments with the Sweetness of Temper, divide Time by Social Duties and Economy, and reduce Wrangles to its lowest denomination.

A Green Report.—A fellow without money, having a considerable distance to travel, fastened a chain and padlock to his leg and laid down in a field. He was approached by an acquaintance of being a convict, and enquired grains in the jail to the town whether he desired to go.

Very Accommodating.—A French regiment at the battle of Sparre had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged for life. The French man replied, "No, you can not see any other favor, but as for your life, it is impossible to grant it."

A New Sect.—A new sect is about to be founded in New York, the groundwork of whose tenets is, that the over more made is wear' vocation, the more he has stuff, the mouth to lose the gain, and the clan to rest on the top of a cane.

Choice of Words.—An Irish gentleman then addressed an unlicked servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning—"Pad! be-ating, you appear, fail to rising!" Dan! stand there lying in bed all day."

We're Going There.—Young Temperance ladies at the north, now love young gentlemen's lips, to see whether they have been taking bubly. They do this of course from the very purest of motives.

Is He an Infidel?—A popular lecturer, in this city, lately opened a course lived one, "call of which" as he said "more of an exceeding thickness, none of them being considerably small."

A Proper Decision.—At a debating society the question was, "If a man saw his father and mother a drowning, which should he save first?" It was decided in the affirmative.

The Bridegroom and Man of Sense.—The blockhead is another name for a man of sense. We can of course scare many sensations to ridiculous, but will not be so long.

Apt Reply.—Your friend with the mustaches at your side," observes a lady, pointing to a sportsman, with beer on both lips. "Yes," was the reply, "a darkly-dear."

Shipbuilding.—Getting up in the morning before daylight, tumbling around a room that is full of chairs, on upset of a light, brings about a demand for shipbuilders.

Query.—What do you think of a young lady whose lips are so sweet that she is obliged to wear a veil whenever she goes into a garden to protect them from the bees.

Cause Yet.—A notorious rum drunker having died, they were asked the cause of his death—it was replied, "his breast had become so strong that he could not get it Franklin food."

The Indian's Fate.—An Arkansas paper wishes to know, "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffalo are dangerous." No answer they will starve to death.

Expedite.—Mistress (comes loud out your bag?" "Can't do it" all the bugs are off, the fall of each, indeed, I never had one, because I wash in a basin."

Pun.—I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Not!" replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to earn for it."

Contempt.—Contempt is the vice of a small mind—of a mind whose frivolous vanity elevates its vices to every thing around, and beneath.

Absence of Mind.—A friend of ours lately loaned his wife's maid, and didn't discover his error till the girl came back—returned.

Turned Out.—A man in New Jersey has been turned out of his office as a Temperance Society for being in "high spirits."

Put Out.—Not long since, a fellow got into the west at Hartford in the stupid, and began to cry fire. "He was put out."

A Word Applied.—Of the Five Acts.—Some women's use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

Ah! We Fear.—It's surprising how a fastened woman of the land will other young, thus from the eyes.

Conundrum.—Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it is down in the mouth.

A New Sect.—That was an impudent fellow who defined woman, "A sign to hang thy goods on."

From the London World of Fashion, for Feb.

The Baron and Baroness.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

It may seem strange, and yet it is perfectly true, that it is exceedingly difficult actually and well to describe like precisely as it is, even though it be admitted that what is before our eyes, and that which we daily experience, must be far more easily depicted than scenes for which we are indebted to our imagination. A slight reflection will, however, show us, that however eminently we may endeavor to paint only that which is actually the fact, yet still, to make that fact credible, there is necessary a something, which requires over or colors a light, or perhaps a shade, that disturbs the figure, and gives them an appearance that is not natural. Having made this profound observation, I proceed now to ask the young ladies if there is anything wonderful in the fact that I am about to mention—namely, that the Baron and his wife (who was really an angel) set out on a walk from their castle to a small lonely wood that stood on the top of a hill, and from whence they could see huge rocky mountains covered with snow? Is there anything astonishing in this? No. Then I may proceed with my story. The Baron had in his hand a stick, and this stick had a golden head; while the Baroness, who laughed, and then stopped, or she felt truly happy, did not, however, forget that she wore a rose-colored satin robe, cut low in the bosom, and that she was knitting a stocking. The sun was then about setting, and a most agreeable breeze, as of it were the air's magic, over the entire landscape. But to be more particular, for the reader, that she had not seen before, and that the lady intended for her own use, had now attained a considerable length, being strung in nine successive "

Perhaps I ought to add that the Baron was about twenty-eight years of age—that the Baroness was twenty-one—that they were married—that they arrived at the castle about the same time—that the Baron was the first to see the light of the Castle and that he was five feet two—that the Baron had mut-brown hair and a lively countenance—that the Baroness was fair, and was afraid to state these things, because if I did, some one might think I had not seen them—that I had spent a month on which all this occurred was May or June, so that the Baroness's cheeks were red—that the roses on the thorn-hedges were covered with flowers. I may, to be also said, that the Baron was a nobleman, and a man to be silent both as to the Baron's front-seat and vest, when I have such excellent effect, for the sake of the picture, introduced the rose-colored gown of the Baroness. I will not state whether the Baron's vest were a felt, a straw, or a silk hat, or whether he had a cap on, which might make a feature in the story; I care, then, enter for the more objectious to offend, that I would not very little trouble to say, that no story begins, and the scene I have now described occurred on the 14th of May—that the Baron wore a light-brown frock-coat—that he had on a white Marseilles vest, and a very pretty cap without a leaf. I do not feel it necessary to say whether he had a pipe, or was in the habit of smoking. But, then, the reader may inquire, who were the Baron and Baroness? Were they not married? Why on the evening of the 14th of May? What had led the Baron to do so? Why? and yet why? and why Baroness also? Why could she not knit her stocking much better in the house than on the chance of having it hanging on a rose-bush? Why?—but first of all let me say that the Baron's name was Herron, and that of the Baroness Margarita. Admitting my incapacity to answer all these questions fully, distinctly, and satisfactorily, I proceed with my tale.

The Baron and his wife were the latter having, at the especial request of her husband, placed her stocking in her reticule—entered the wood, which the setting sun was lighting up with a golden glory, and which was strong in the eyes of both, and they had to turn round so as to look each other's faces. And what then could the Baroness when this occurred? Nothing more than what you, reader, would have said.—How much like, how incomparable beautiful, does the sun-light appear glancing through these trees!" And the Baroness!—Nothing can be more delicious than the pure sentiment which must naturally have been expressed on to the hill. On the top of it stood a little temple constructed of rough stone, and which, from it was a most beautiful prospect of distant hills, and lovely little lakes, that were beneath it, and which the rest of the hill at which they stood. Around the temple there was constructed a small rustic bench. Here the Baron and the Baroness sat down and looked around them. The latter were to the Castle, and the former to the ancient palace, with the exception of the wood, that blazed like an ocean of fire, with dark red flames, and the eastern hills, on which were thrown still tinted, and that glowed like a forest fire, that was momentarily leaving the fast that supplied it.

The sun soon afterward sank below the horizon, and there, as soon as he had gone, the Baron leant forth from a neighboring bush, the warbling of a solitary nightingale, which made to refer to the charming scene we were loving companion. This, and this only it was that the Baron had said. It is necessary now to the reader know, that he delighted in the song of this bird, and that he had often said that he would like to hear it in the house. Can the Baroness be blamed for this? Nothing more than that you, reader, would have said.—How much like, how incomparable beautiful, does the sun-light appear glancing through these trees!" And the Baroness!—Nothing can be more delicious than the pure sentiment which must naturally have been expressed on to the hill. On the top of it stood a little temple constructed of rough stone, and which, from it was a most beautiful prospect of distant hills, and lovely little lakes, that were beneath it, and which the rest of the hill at which they stood. Around the temple there was constructed a small rustic bench. Here the Baron and the Baroness sat down and looked around them. The latter were to the Castle, and the former to the ancient palace, with the exception of the wood, that blazed like an ocean of fire, with dark red flames, and the eastern hills, on which were thrown still tinted, and that glowed like a forest fire, that was momentarily leaving the fast that supplied it.

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